

### A. D. 1855.

The Albany Evening Journal publishes a list of the battles fought during the year 1855, with the number of people killed at each beginning with the bombardment of Shanghai by the French, at which one hundred fell and ending with the fall of Kara, at which 2,600 fell; by which list it appears that seventy-three battles have occurred during the year, or more than one for each week, with an average loss of over a thousand men killed in each. This list does not include those who have fallen by disease, or in skirmishes, nor the wounded, disabled, those who died in the hospital or the ambulance, or were irreparably maimed, or missing, or prisoners.—The number left dead upon the field usually comprises only about one fourth of the entire loss in a battle. By this rule, the entire number swept out of useful existence by the wars of 1855 must have reached over 200,000 men. No year has presented so bloody a record since Waterloo.

### DRAW POKER IN COURT.

Hooper of the Montgomery Mail, gives the following report of the greatest speech we ever heard:

A fellow was indicted up in the Old Nine, when Tom G—t, was solicitor, for gambling, to-wit: Playing "short card's" at a certain locality known as Frog Level. Col—defended him, and contended before the jury that though the State's evidence "tended" to show that his client, with a bottle of liquor in his pocket, accompanied the crowd who, it was shown, did actually play, yet it never did, with actual certainty, locate him as one of the players. Said he, by way of portion:

"Gentlemen of the jury—the witness have told you that Peter Wyatt was there, and a playing, for he noticed his hand, and it was full of Queens."

Harry Snow was there, and he was a playing, for he hit two little pips.

William Upson was there, he played, cause witness noticed in particular, that he had nothing but an ace.

Bill Conner was there, and he played, gentlemen, for he had the bully hand—high-heeled Jacks!

But gentlemen, when I come to ask him about Abraham Pitkin—my client's hand—what did he say, gentlemen? Why nothing—except that if Abe hit my hand he'd mind red what was in it! And now, gentlemen of the jury, because my client was seen going down to Frog Level, with a bottle of liquor in his pocket, and the witness can't remember us he hit any hand at all, when bully hands was out, and him the best player in the crowd—is that—is that, I say, gentlemen of the jury, is that any reason that my client was guilty of the crime of Gambling?"

It is almost needless to say that the jury saw the non sequitur and acquitted the defendant.

### A RELIGION FOR ALL.

There is a fishing village in the coast of Cornwall, where the people are very poor, but plious and intelligent. Last year they were sorely tried. The winds were contrary, and for nearly a month they could not go to sea. At last, one Sabbath morning, the wind changed, and some of the men whose faith was weak went out towards the beach, the women and children looking on sadly, many saying with sighs—

"I'm sorry it's Sunday, but—if we were not so poor."

"But it," said a sturdy fisherman, starting up and speaking aloud, "surely neighbors, are your bats and ifs to break God's law?"

The people gathered around him, and he added:

"Mine's a religion for all weathers, fair wind and foul. 'This is the love of God, that ye keep it holy.' That's the law friends. And our Lord came not to break, but fulfill the law. True, we are poor; what of that? Better poor and have God's smile, than rich, and have his frown. Go, you that dare, but I never knew any good of a religion that changed with the wind."

These words stayed off the purpose of the rest. They went home and made ready for the house of God, and spent the day in praise and prayer. In the evening, just when they would have been returning, a sudden storm sprang up, that raged terribly for two days. After the tempest, came settled weather, and the pilchard fishery was so rich and abundant that there was soon no complaining in that village. Here was a religion for all weathers. Remember the words, "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

An impossibility—two large women, with large hoops, trying to walk under one small umbrella.

Hazlitt says most people don't think; they only think they think.

Longfellow says: "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."

There is a Bangor, Maine, a locality called Pines Hill. A resident there, says it is thinly populated.

"Squibbs" wants to know if doctor's by looking at the tongue of a wagon can tell what ails it.

MARRIAGE.—Get married! Marry, let the risk be what it may; it gives dignity to your profession, inspires confidence, and commands respect. With a wife, the lawyer is more trusty, the doctor more esteemed, the mechanic swings his hammer with increased power, shoves the plane with a more dexterous hand a man without a wife is no man at all! She nurses him while sick, she watches for him in health. Gentlemen get a wife, a pretty one if you like them the best—a good one when she is to be found.

DUTCH KISSING.—One William Smith, in Milwaukee, was fined \$3 for kissing Mrs. Louise Blashfield, a Dutch lady, and a very pretty woman at that. The deed was done on the sidewalk, in the presence of her husband who said "I was so mad I could not speak." The affair occasioned the perpetration of some poetry, of which the following stanzas is a specimen:

How happily extremes do meet,  
In Jane and Ebenezer;  
She's no longer sour, but sweet,  
And he's a lemon squeezer!  
"Mister spare mine wroth!  
Touch not her paity cheek!  
For if you kiss her now,  
I hit you mit this shick!  
I hit you mit this shick,  
Und schlog you on the kop,  
Potzenderblitz amoi!  
Mishter—you'd petter shtop!"

A Virginia paper records the marriage of Miss Jane Lemon and Mr. Ebenezer Sweet; whereinupon our devil moralizes as follows:

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?"

"Pshaw, what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married; they do so."

A wise man will speak well of his neighbor, love his wife, take home a newspaper, and always pay for it in advance.

Sidney Smith said of a great talker, that it would greatly improve him if he had now and then, a few "flashes of silence."

The woman who "burst her sides a laughing," had them mended by her husband coming into her parlor with muddy boots.

A poor player having lent one of his comrades a small matter, spoke to him one night behind the scenes in the Covent Garden theatre. Tom, those two guineas I lent you ought to be paid me; you know I am in great distress." "Do not talk to me about it," said the other, "within this week I will take care to pay in some shape or other." "You will oblige me," replied the creditor, "and pray let it be as much in the shape of two guineas as possible."

Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville Whig, says that if "he is denied the privilege of going to Heaven after death, his second is Baltimore." There isn't much doubt that he'll go to Baltimore or to its equivalent locality "where they don't take up their fire of nights."

The New York Picayune, has the following hit at "The Ladies and the Revival":

Lizzie. "Dear me, how provoking! It's striking twelve! we shan't have time to get dressed to-day, without missing lunch."

Sally. "Oh, never mind, dear! We've got to go shopping to-morrow about the bonnets, and it'll do quite as well then."

John Van Buren recently said, in a convivial speech: "Well, gentlemen, there is one family has got back safe into the Democratic party to stay for life. It is the Van Buren family; and if Senator Douglas only knew the long and dreary road he has to travel, he would, in my opinion, make the straightest route back into the camp." The roar that followed John's recitation of the dangers and difficulties of the route he himself had traveled since 1848, may be imagined but not described.

CHANGE OF UNIFORM.—We noticed several days ago that the War Department was about to order changes in the uniform of the Army generally. It now appears that such an order has been issued, and it contains a full description of the new uniform decided upon. The cap now worn is supplanted by a felt hat with brim 3 1/2 inches wide and crown 6 1/4 inches high, bound with ribbed silk for officers and double stitched around the rim for men. The trimmings for general officers are as follows: Gold cord, with acorn-shaped ends; the brim to the hat; three black ostrich feathers on the left side; a gold embro-

idered wreath in front, on black velvet ground, encircling the letters U. S. in silver, old English characters.

For other classifications of officers and for the privates, there are similar trimmings, varying slightly for each distinctive grade or class.

The change also extends to the pantaloons and coat, but in respect to them it is confined to the trimmings of the latter, and the stripe of the former. Sibley's test is also to be substituted for that now in use.—Star.

To ascertain the weight of a horse—put your toe under the animal's right fore foot.

HIGHFALUTIN.—A gentleman wishing to be considered a perfect phraseologist and gallant, had occasion to ask a lady, one evening, to hand him the snuffers, and thus addressed her:

"Will your ladyship, by an unmerited and undeserved condescension of your most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, that pair of ignipot exasperators, in order that the resplendent brightness of that nocturnal luminary may dazzle the vision of our ocular optics more potently?"

### WHAT MAKES THE WOMAN?

Not costly dress, nor queenly air;  
Not jeweled hand, complexion fair;  
Not graceful form, nor lofty tread;  
Nor paint, nor curlis, nor splendid head;  
Not pearl teeth, nor sparkling eyes;  
Nor voice that nightingale outvies;  
Nor breath as sweet as eglantine;  
Nor gaudy gems, nor fabrics fine;  
Not all the stores of fashion's mart;  
Nor yet the blandishments of art;  
Not one, nor all of these combined,  
Can make one woman true refined.

"Tis not the casket that we prize,  
But that which in the casket lies;  
These outward charms that please the sight,  
Are naught unless the heart be right.  
She, to fulfill her destined end,

Must with her beauty goodness blend;  
Must make it her incessant care,  
To deck herself with jewels rare;  
Or priceless gems must be possessed,  
In robes of richest beauty dressed;

Yet there must be clothe the inward mind,  
In purity the most refined.

She doth all these goods combine—  
Can man's rough nature well refine—  
Hath all she needs in this frail life  
To fit her for mother, sister, wife;

He who possesses such a friend  
Should cherish well till life doth end.  
Woman, in fine, the mate should be,  
To sail with man o'er life's rough sea,

And when the stormy cruise is o'er  
Attend him to fair Canaan's shore.

### RORY'S KISSING.

"Bout a kiss do ye ask? It's me that can tell;

For, ould as I'm now, I'm minding it well,  
When a spalpeen of three, with how much delight

My mither kissed Rory and bade him good night.

But my mither she died and left Rory be hind,

And the lasses I met brought her so to my mind,

That at kissing I went, first one and another,  
Because they wore bouquets and looked like my mother.

At last, would you think it, swate Bridget O'Flann

Had scarcely been kissed when she kissed me again,

And twould me a praisit, away down in the city,

Would say, if we'd ask him, a bit of a ditty.

"A ditty, swate, Bridget, and what might it be?"

"Ne'er mind, my dear Rory, but come just wid me!"

We trudg'd to the city, and sure as my life,

He said a short ditty, and called her my wife.

We got a wee cottage, a pig and a spade;

Bridget sickened; we hired her sister for maid;

The maid I was kissing, when, trae as ye're there,

I felt the ould devil a pulling my hair.

"Begone, yon ould warmit!" I yelled in affright,

And sort o' turned round to be getting a sight;

What did I diskiver? Instead of an elf,

Swate Bridget O'Fisherty there just herself.

"O'Rory!" she blubbered, still pulling away,

"But sick is my heart wid yer conduct to day;

A kissing my sister while I'm in my bed;

Not able to raise from the pillow my head!"

"Troth! my Bridget," says I, "perhaps ye can mind

When ye to the kissing were greatly indined,

Ye kissed me and kissed me at Donnybrook fair,

And now by the jabers ye're pulling my hair,

Begone! ye ould fool, with a rumpus like this,

I'm only a larning yer sister to kiss!"

### GAZETA SEMANARIA DE SANTA FE.

### AVISO A LOS HABITANTES DEL NUEVO MEJICO.

Al Agrimensor General del Nuevo Mejico se o requiere por un decreto del Congreso aprobado el dia 22 de Julio de 1854 que "un improbadamente adelantados; una copia 12 1/2 centavos por seis meses \$1 50 ó por tres meses \$1, siem pre adelantados.

AVISOS, \$1 00 por un cuadro de diez líneas por la primera insercion, y 50 centavos por cada insercion subseciente.

? CUANTO CUESTA DEFENDER UN TREN EN LOS FERROCARRILES?

Mr. Swift, presidente de la Compañia del Fitchburg, dice que cuesta en diario cada parada de un tren regular, y mas, si el tren es muy largo. El ferrocarril citado cuesta \$180 diarios en las paradas por que tiene 18 y son 10 los trenes. En los 313 dias del año (nada de descuentos) cuesta \$25, 000? Estos cálculos se hicieron para probar que no era productiva la nueva estación pues quería establecer en la villa de Watertown.

? Que son los taquigrafos de los ferrocarriles?

El miércoles último se propuso dar a los taquigrafos citados un lugar en las Cámaras y el senador Toombs se opuso a la medida diciendo que "no debía consentirse a semejantes sujetos en la Cámara, porque no son sino una gran nuisance."

El diccionario dice que esa palabra significa indecencia, y una porquería."

A todo reclamante se le requiere que presenta un mapa auténtico de la agrimensura del terreno, si se han mediado, u otra evidencia que muestre la localidad exacta, y la extensión del terreno que se reclama.

Para que el Agrimensor General pueda cumplir con el deber que así le impone la ley, tiene que su picar a todos aquellos individuos que reclaman terrenos en el Nuevo Mejico antes del Tratado de 1848, que producen las evidencias de tales reclamos, en su oficina, en Santa Fe, lo más pronto que sea posible.

A LOS QUE RECLAMAN DONACIONES DE TERRENO.

El decreto del Congreso, referido, concede 6 acres de tierra a todo ciudadano, varón, blanco, d los Estados Unidos ó todo varón blanco, mayor de 21 años de edad, que ha declarado de ser ciudadano, y que ahora reside en el Nuevo Mejico, y que tuvo su residencia en él el dia 1.º de Enero de 1858, y a todo ciudadano varón blanco, de los Estados Unidos, y a todo varón blanco, mayor de 21 años de edad, que haya declarado su intención de ser ciudadano y que resida en el Territorio el dia 1.º de Enero de 1853, ó que no mode y se estableza allí en cualesquier tiempo antes del 1.º de Enero de 1858, la misma ley con sede también 160 acres de terreno baldío.

Ningún reclamo tal donación será válido a menos que el reclamante haya poseído, ó posea y cultive el terreno por cuatro años sucesivos; y no se permitirá que ningún reclamo de donación estorte de manera alguna, siquiera reclamo reconocido por el Tratado de Guadalupe Hidalgo.

Todos los individuos que reclamen tales donaciones, lo harán a su interés de que den informe lo más pronto posible al Agrimensor General, de la localidad de sus reclamos con el fin de que pueda acordar la dirección de sus operaciones.

Las localidades en cada condado serán señaladas con claridad que sea posible con respecto a cada una y todos los objetos notables en su vecindad.

Dado bajo mi firma en mi oficina en Santa Fe el dia 19 de Enero de 1855.

WILLIAM PELHAM.

Agrimensor General del N. M.

E. JACCARD y COMPAÑIA.

JOYEROS POR MAYOR Y AL MENOR.

NO. Edificios de mármol al lado del Norte de la calle 4.

SAN LUIS MEXICO.

Tienen de continuo el mas grande surtido en los Estados Unidos de relojes de oro, relojes francés de mesa, Joyas de diamante, ajuares de plata pura en juegos a precios comodos. Componen y garantizan relojes finos. Piedras preciosas se engastan en todos estos estilos.

Se paga el mas